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No. 292.

# A Marriage Proposal

Comedy in One Act

BY

ANTON TCHEKOFF

English version by

HILMAR BAUKHAGE

AND

BARRETT H. CLARK

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SAMUEL FRENCH  
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28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.  
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET  
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## **LORD AND MASTER.**

Three Acts, by Martha Morton. Six males, five females. Costumes modern. One interior and one exterior scene. Plays a full evening.

Miss Morton has furnished the stage with some very entertaining comedies, and this is one of her best. The plot concerns the marriage of an American girl to an English Viscount. In the original production Miss Effie Shannon played the girl and Mr. Herbert Kelcey played the Viscount. Price, 50 cents.

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A Comedy in Four Acts, by Martha Morton. Seven males, four females. Costumes modern. Three interior scenes. Plays a full evening.

This is the celebrated comedy produced by Mr. Sol Smith Russell for so many years with great success. Mr. Russell played the part of David Holmes, a quaint, odd character. He is a bachelor, country editor and literary critic, so absorbed in his work that the outside world has little interest for him. In fact, he has even overlooked the circumstance that his ward, Sylvia, who lives with a maiden aunt, has outgrown childhood, and he still sends her dolls and other toys as presents.

When, however, this oversight is made clear to him by the arrival of the young woman herself a change comes over his life. The critical sanctum grows too narrow for him and his interest in her leads him out into the world. And now the man who has lived in a world of the mind learns that there is a world of the heart, for he comes to regard his charming ward with feelings more tender than those of fatherly interest. But his sense of honor forbids him to disclose these. Nor does he imagine for a moment that she, charming girl, could become interested in him, a crusty old bachelor. At last, however, an attempt on his part to arrange a suitable marriage for her leads to the disclosure that she loves him. Miss Annie Russell played Sylvia in the original New York production. Price, 50 cents.

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A Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, seven females. The comedy by Harry and Edward Paulton is peculiarly suited to the use of schools and colleges, containing as it does much humor, only fully appreciated by those in the course of their classical studies. The play bristles with allusions mythological and historical, which only serve to set off the excessive modernity of the work as a whole.

The story concerns itself with the revivification of the statue of Niobe, who was turned into stone by Phœbus and Artemis, who wearied of her incessant tears for her lost children. The statue is in the keeping of Peter Amos Dunn, an insurance broker, and comes to life while his family are at the theatre seeing Pygmalion and Galatea.

Hopeless of convincing his wife of the truth of the story of the statue's animation, he introduces Niobe as the new governess they are expecting and the situation thus set up is the beginning of many perplexities and endless laughter. Niobe is what is known as a sure-fire laugh producer and contains many good almost self-acting parts—that of Niobe being especially effective with its combination of queenly majesty and naiveté in the midst of her modern surroundings. Price, 50 cents.

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An original comedy in three acts, by Sidney Bowkett. 2 males, 4 females. Costumes modern. 1 exterior, 1 interior scene. Time, 2 hours.

A gentle, amiable widow-mother is Mrs. Pellender. Each member of her family is strongly characteristic. Edith, a malade imaginaire; Nancy, a tom-boy; Noel, a mischievous youth; and the superior Miss Pellender, as crisp as a biscuit, sharp as a knife, and the terror of the family. The mother falls in love with a diffident gentleman named Tister, but to break the news to her unsparing child she feels the greatest reluctance. She and her fiancé are quite unable to muster sufficient courage to "confess," and, in ultimate desperation, they elope, leaving a note behind explaining.

This is a clever, high-class comedy, particularly suited to production by girls' schools and colleges, and it should prove a great success wherever produced. It was originally produced at The Playhouse, London, with Mr. Cyril Maude in the role of Mr. Tister. Price, 50 cents.

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## A Marriage Proposal

### PERSONS REPESENTED

*Miller*  
STEPAN STEPANOVITCH TSCHUBUKOV.....*A country  
farmer*  
NATALIA STEPANOVNA.....*His daughter (aged 25)*  
IVAN VASSILIIYITCH LOMOV...*Tschubukov's neighbor*

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# A Marriage Proposal

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SCENE:—Tschubukov's estate in Russia. The reception room in Tschubukov's home. The time is the present. Tschubukov discovered as the curtain rises.

(Enter Lomov.)

TCHUB. (*going toward him and greeting him*) My dear fellow! Whom is this I see? Ivan Vassiliyitch! I'm so glad to see you! (*shakes hands*) But this is a surprise! How are you?

LOMOV. Thank you! And you, how are you?

TCHUB. Oh, so-so, my friend. Please sit down. It isn't right to forget one's neighbor. But tell me, why all this ceremony? Dress clothes, white gloves and all? Are you on your way to some engagement, my good fellow?

LOMOV. No, I have no engagement except with you, sir, Stepan Stepanovitch.

TCHUB. But why in evening clothes, my friend? This isn't New Year's!

LOMOV. You see, it's simply this, that—(*composing himself*) I have come to you, dear Stepan Stepanovitch, to trouble you with a request. It is not the first time I have had the honor of turning to you for assistance, and you have always, that is—I beg your pardon, I am a bit excited! I'll take a drink of water first, dear Stepan Stepanovitch. (*he drinks*)

TCHUB. (*aside*) He's come to borrow money! I

won't give him any! (*to Lomov*) What is it then, dear Lomov?

LOMOV. You see—dear—Stepanovitch—pardon me, Stepan—Stepan—dearvitch—I mean—I am terribly nervous, as you will be so good as to see— What I mean to say—you are the only one who can help me, though I don't deserve it, and—and I have no right whatever to make this request of you.

TCHUB. Oh, don't beat about the bush, my dear fellow. Tell me right out! Well?

LOMOV. Immediately—in a moment. Here it is, then: I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter, Natalia Stepanovna.

TCHUB. (*joyfully*) Angel! Ivan Vassiliyitch! Say that once again! I didn't quite hear it!

LOMOV. I have the honor to beg—

TCHUB. (*interrupting*) My dear, dear man! I am so happy that everything is so—everything! (*embraces and kisses him*) I have wanted this to happen for so long. It has been my dearest wish! (*he represses a tear*) And I have always loved you, my dear fellow, as my own son! May God give you His blessings and His grace and—I always wanted it to happen—but why am I standing here like a block-head? I am completely dumbfounded with pleasure, completely dumbfounded! My whole being—I'll call •Natalia—

LOMOV. Dear Stepan Stepanovitch, what do you think? May I hope for Natalia Stepanovna's acceptance?

TCHUB. Really! Such a fine man and—and you think she won't accept on the minute! Love-sick as a cat and all that—! on the minute! (*he goes out, right*)

LOMOV. I'm cold—My whole body is trembling as though I was going to take my examination! But the chief thing is to settle matters! If a person meditates too much, or hesitates, or talks about it, waits for an ideal or for true love, he never gets—Brrr!—It's

cold! Natalia is an excellent housekeeper, not at all bad-looking, well educated—what more could I ask? I'm so excited my ears are roaring! (*he drinks water*) And not to marry, that won't do! In the first place I'm thirty-five—a critical age, you might say. In the second place I must live a well-regulated life. I have a weak heart, continual palpitation. I am very sensitive and always getting excited. My lips begin to tremble and the pulse in my right temple throbs terribly. But the worst of all is sleep! I hardly lie down and begin to doze when something in my left side begins to pull and tug and something begins to hammer in my left shoulder—and in my head, too! I jump up like a madman, walk about a little, lie down again, but the moment I fall asleep I have another terrible cramp in the side. And so it is all night long!

(*Enter NATALIA STEPANOVNA.*)

NATALIA. Ah! It's you. Papa said to go in, there was a dealer in there who'd come to buy something. Good afternoon, Ivan Vassiliyitch.

LOMOV. Good day, my dear Natalia Stepanovna.

NATALIA. You must pardon me for wearing my apron and this old dress: we are working to-day. Why haven't you come to see us oftener? You've not been here for so long? Sit down. (*they sit down*) Won't you have something to eat?

LOMOV. Thank you, I have just had lunch.

NATALIA. Smoke, do, there are the matches—To-day it is beautiful and only yesterday it rained so hard that the workmen couldn't do a stroke of work. How many ricks have you cut? Think of it! I was so anxious that I had the whole field mowed, and now I'm sorry I did it, because I'm afraid the hay will rot. It would have been better if I had waited. But what on earth is this? You are in evening clothes! The latest cut! Are you on your way to a ball? And

you seem to be looking better, too—really. Why are you dressed up so gorgeously?

LOMOV. (*excited*) You see, my dear Natalia Stepanovna—It's simply this: I have decided to ask you to listen to me—of course it will be a surprise, and indeed you'll be angry, but I—(*aside*) How fearfully cold it is!

NATALIA. What is it? (*pause*) Well?

LOMOV. I'll try to be brief. My dear Natalia Stepanovna, as you know, for many years, since my childhood, I have had the honor to know your family. My poor Aunt and her husband, from whom, as you know, I inherited the estate, always had the greatest respect for your father and your poor mother. The race of Lomov and the race of Tschubukov have been for decades on the friendliest, indeed the closest terms with each other, and furthermore my property, as you know, adjoins your own. If you will be so good as to remember, my meadows touch your birch woods.

NATALIA. Pardon the interruption. You said "my meadows"—but are they yours?

LOMOV. Yes, they belong to me.

NATALIA. Why, what nonsense! The meadows belong to us—not to you!

LOMOV. No, to me!— Now, my dear Natalia Stepanovna!

NATALIA. Well, that is certainly news to me. How do they belong to you?

LOMOV. How? I am speaking of the meadows lying between your birch woods and my brick-earth.

NATALIA. Yes, exactly. They belong to us.

LOMOV. No, you are mistaken, my dear Natalia Stepanovna, they belong to me.

NATALIA. Try to remember exactly, Ivan Vasil'yitch. Is it so long ago that you inherited them?

LOMOV. Long ago! As far back as I can remember they have always belonged to us.

NATALIA. But that isn't so! You'll pardon my saying so.

LOMOV. It is all a matter of record, my dear Natalia Stepanovitch. It is true that at one time the title to the meadows was disputed, but now everyone knows they belong to me. There is no further ground for discussion. Be so good as to listen; my aunt's grandmother put these meadows free from all costs into the hands of your father's grandfather's peasants for a certain time while bricks were being made for my grandmother. These people used the meadows free of cost for about forty years, living there as they would on their own property. Later, however, when——

NATALIA. There's not a word of truth in that! My grandfather and my great-grandfather, too, considered their estate as reaching back to the swamp, so that the meadows belong to us. What further discussion can there be? I can't understand it. It is really most annoying.

LOMOV. I'll show you the papers, Natalia Stepanovna.

NATALIA. No, either you are simply joking or else you are trying to lead me into a discussion. That's not at all nice! We have owned this property for nearly three hundred years, and now all at once we learn that it doesn't belong to us. Ivan Vassiliyitch, you will pardon me, but I really can't believe my ears. So far as I am concerned the meadows are worth very little. In all they don't contain more than five acres and they are worth only a few hundred roubles, say three hundred, but the injustice of the thing is what affects me. Say what you will I can't bear injustice.

LOMOV. Only listen until I have finished, please! The peasants of your respected father's grandfather, as I have already had the honor to tell you, baked bricks for my grandmother. My aunt's grandmother wished to do them a kindness——



NATALIA. Grandfather! Grandmother! Aunt! I know nothing about them. All I know is that the meadows belong to us, and that ends the matter.

LOMOV. No, they belong to me!

NATALIA. And if you keep on explaining it for two days, and put on five suits of evening clothes, the meadows are still ours, ours, ours! I don't want to take your property, but I don't want to lose what belongs to us, either!

LOMOV. Natalia Stepanovna, I don't need the meadows, I am only concerned with the principle. If you are agreeable, I beg of you, accept them as a gift from me!

NATALIA. But I can give them to you, because they belong to me— That is very peculiar, Ivan Vassiliyitch! Until now we have considered you as a good neighbor, and a good friend; only last year we loaned you our thrashing machine so that we couldn't thrash until November, and now you treat us like thieves! You offer to give me my own piece of land. Excuse me, but neighbors don't treat each other that way. In my opinion it's a very low trick—to speak frankly——

LOMOV. According to you I'm a usurper, then, am I? My dear lady, I have never appropriated other people's property, and I shall permit no one to accuse me of such a thing!—(*he goes quickly to the bottle and drinks some water*) The meadows are mine!

NATALIA. That's not the truth! They are mine!

LOMOV. Mine!

NATALIA. Eh? I'll prove it to you! This afternoon I'll send my reapers into the meadows.

LOMOV. W—h—a—t?

NATALIA. My reapers will be there to-day!

LOMOV. And I'll chase them off!

NATALIA. If you dare!

LOMOV. The meadows are mine, you understand? Mine!



NATALIA. Really, you needn't scream so! If you want to scream and snort and rage you may do it at home, but here please keep yourself within the limits of common decency.

LOMOV. My dear lady, if it weren't that I were suffering from this terrible palpitation of the heart and this hammering of the arteries in my temples, I would deal with you very differently! (*in a loud voice*) The meadows belong to me!

NATALIA. Us!

LOMOV. Me!

(Tschubukov enters, right.)

TCHUB. What's going on here? What is he yelling about?

NATALIA. Papa, please tell this gentleman to whom the meadows belong, to us or to him?

TCHUB. (*to Lomov*) My dear fellow, the meadows are ours.

LOMOV. But, merciful heavens, Stepan Stepanovitch, how do you make that out? You at least might be a reasonable being. My aunt's grandmother gave the use of the meadows free of cost to your grandfather's peasants; the peasants lived on the land for forty years and used it as their own, but later when——

TCHUB. Permit me, my dear friend—You forget that your grandmother's peasants never paid because there had been a lawsuit over the meadows, and everyone knows that the meadows belong to us. You haven't looked at the map.

LOMOV. I'll prove to you that they belong to me!

TCHUB. Don't try to prove it, my dear fellow.

LOMOV. I will!

TCHUB. My good fellow, what are you shrieking about? You can't prove anything by yelling, you know. I don't ask for anything that belongs to you,

and I have no intention of yielding up anything of mine. Why should I? If it has gone so far, my dear man, that you really intend to claim the meadows, I'd rather give them to peasants than you, and I certainly shall!

LOMOV. I can't believe it! By what right can you give away property that doesn't belong to you?

TCHUB. Really, you must allow me to decide whether I'm doing that or not. I'm not accustomed, young man, to have people address me in that tone of voice. I, young man, am twice your age, and I beg you to speak respectfully to me.

LOMOV. No! No! You think I'm a fool! You're making fun of me! You call my property yours and then expect me to stand quietly by and talk to you like a human being. That isn't the way a good neighbor behaves, Stepan Stepanovitch! You are no neighbor, you're no better than a land-grabber. That's what you are!

TCHUB. Wh—at? What did he say?

NATALIA. Papa, send the reapers into the meadows this minute!

TCHUB. (*to LOMOV*) What was that you said, sir?

NATALIA. The meadows belong to us and I won't give them up! I won't give them up! I won't give them up!

LOMOV. We'll see about that! I'll prove in court that they belong to me.

TCHUB. In court! You may sue in court, sir, if you like! Oh, I know you, you are only waiting to find an excuse to go to law! You're an intriguer, that's what you are! Your whole family were always looking for quarrels. The whole lot!

LOMOV. Kindly refrain from insulting my family. The entire race of Lomov has always been honorable! And never has one been brought to trial for embezzlement, as your dear uncle was!

TCHUB. And the whole Lomov family were insane!

NATALIA. Everyone of them!

TCHUB. Your grandmother was a dipsomaniac, and the younger aunt, Nastasia Michailovna, ran off with an architect.

LOMOV. And your mother limped. (*he puts his hand over his heart*) Oh, my side pains!— My temples are bursting! Lord in Heaven!— Water!

TCHUB. And your dear father was a gambler—and a glutton!

NATALIA. And your aunt was a gossip like few others!

LOMOV. My left leg is lame— And you are an intriguer—oh, my heart! And it's an open secret that you cheated at the elections—my eyes are blurred—Where is my hat?

NATALIA. Oh, how low! Liar! Disgusting thing!

LOMOV. Where's the hat—? My heart— Where shall I go?— Where is the door—? Oh—it seems—as though I were dying— I can't—my legs won't hold me—(*goes to the door*)

TCHUB. (*following him*) May you never darken my door again!

NATALIA. Bring your suit to court! We'll see!

(*Lomov staggers out, center.*)

TCHUB. (*angrily*) The devil!

NATALIA. Such a good-for-nothing! And then they talk about being good neighbors!

TCHUB. Loafer! Scarecrow! Monster!

NATALIA. A swindler like that takes over a piece of property that doesn't belong to him and then has the cheek to argue about it!

TCHUB. And to think that this fool dares to make a proposal of marriage!

NATALIA. What—? A proposal of marriage?

TCHUB. Why, yes! He came here to make you a proposal of marriage.

NATALIA. Why didn't you tell me that before?

TCHUB. That's the reason he had on his evening clothes! The poor fool!

NATALIA. Proposal for me? Oh! (*falls into an armchair and groans*) Bring him back! Bring him back!

TCHUB. Bring whom back?

NATALIA. Faster, faster, I'm getting weak! Bring him back! (*she becomes hysterical*)

TCHUB. What is it? What's wrong with you? (*his hands to his head*) I'm cursed with bad luck! I'll shoot myself! I'll hang myself! I'm tortured to death!

NATALIA. I'm dying! Bring him back!

TCHUB. Bah! In a minute! Don't bawl! (*he rushes out, center*)

NATALIA. (*groaning*) What have they done to me? Bring him back! Bring him back!

TCHUB. (*comes running in*) He's coming at once! The devil take him! Ugh! Talk to him yourself, I can't.

NATALIA. (*groaning*) Bring him back!

TCHUB. He's coming, I tell you! "Oh, Saviour! What a task it is to be the father of a grown daughter!" I'll cut my throat! I really will cut my throat! We've argued with the fellow, insulted him, and now we've thrown him out!—and you did it all, you!

NATALIA. No, you! You haven't any manners, you are brutal! If it weren't for you he wouldn't have gone!

TCHUB. Oh, yes, I'm to blame! If I shoot or hang myself, remember *you'll* be to blame. You forced me to it! You! (*Lomov appears in the doorway*) There, talk to him yourself! (*he goes out*)

LOMOV. Terrible palpitation!— My leg is lamed!— My side hurts me—

NATALIA. Pardon us, we were angry, Ivan Vas-

siliyitch,—I remember now—the meadows really belong to you.

LOMOV. My heart is beating terribly— My meadows—my eyelids tremble—(*they sit down*) We were wrong— It was only the principle of the thing—the property isn't worth much to me but the principle is worth a great deal.

NATALIA. Exactly, the principle! Let us talk about something else.

LOMOV. Especially because I have proofs that my aunt's grandmother had, with the peasants of your good father——

NATALIA. Enough, enough. (*aside*) I don't know how to begin. (*to Lomov*) Are you going hunting soon?

LOMOV. Yes, heath-cock shooting, respected Natalia Stepanovna. I expect to begin after the harvest. Oh, did you hear? My dog, Ugadi, you know him—limps!

NATALIA. What a shame! How did that happen?

LOMOV. I don't know— Perhaps it's a dislocation, or maybe he has been bitten by other dogs. (*he sighs*) The best dog I ever had—to say nothing of his price! I paid Mironov a hundred and twenty-five roubles for him.

NATALIA. That was too much to pay, Ivan Vassiliyitch.

LOMOV. In my opinion it was very cheap. A wonderful dog!

NATALIA. Papa paid eighty-five roubles for his Otkatai, and Otkatai is much better than your Ugadi.

LOMOV. Really?— Otkatai is better than Ugadi? What an idea! (*he laughs*) Otkatai better than Ugadi!

NATALIA. Of course he is better. It is true Otkatai is still young, he isn't full-grown yet, but in the pack or on the leash with two or three there is no better than he, even——

LOMOV. I really beg your pardon, Natalia Step-



anovna, but you quite overlooked the fact that he has a short lower jaw, and a dog with a short lower jaw can't snap.

NATALIA. Short lower jaw? That's the first time I ever heard that!

LOMOV. I assure you, his lower jaw is shorter than the upper.

NATALIA. Have you measured it?

LOMOV. I have measured it. He is good at running, though.

NATALIA. In the first place our Otkatai is pure-bred, a full-blooded son of Sapragayas and Stameskis, and, as for your mongrel, nobody could ever figure out his pedigree; then he's old and ugly, as skinny as an old hag.

LOMOV. Old, certainly! I wouldn't take five of your Otkatais for him! Ugadi is a dog and Otkatai is—it is laughable to argue about it! Dogs like your Otkatai can be found by the dozens at any dog dealer's, a whole pound-ful!

NATALIA. Ivan Vassiliyitch, you are very contrary to-day. First our meadows belong to you and then Ugadi is better than Otkatai. I don't like it when a person doesn't say what he really thinks. You know perfectly well that Otkatai is a hundred times better than your silly Ugadi. What makes you keep on saying he isn't?

LOMOV. I can see, Natalia Stepanovna, that you consider me either a blindman or a fool. But at least you may as well admit that Otkatai has a short lower jaw!

NATALIA. It isn't so!

LOMOV. Yes, a short lower jaw!

NATALIA. (*loudly*) It's not so!

LOMOV. What makes you scream, my dear lady?

NATALIA. What makes you talk such nonsense? It's disgusting! It is high time that Ugadi was shot, and yet you pretend to compare him with Otkatai!

LOMOV. Pardon me, but I can't carry on this



argument any longer. I have palpitation of the heart!

NATALIA. I have always noticed that the hunters who do the most talking know the least about hunting.

LOMOV. My dear lady. I beg of you to be still. My heart is bursting! (*he shouts*) Be still!

NATALIA. I won't be still until you admit that Otkatai is better!

(*Enter TSCHUBUKOV.*)

TCHUB. Well, has it begun all over again?

NATALIA. Papa, say frankly, on your honor, which dog is better: Otkatai or Ugadi?

LOMOV. Stepan Stepanovitch, I beg of you, just answer this: has your dog a short lower jaw or not? Yes or no?

TCHUB. And what if he has? Is it of such importance? There is no better dog in the whole country.

LOMOV. But my Ugadi is better. Tell the truth, now!

TCHUB. Don't get so excited, my dear fellow!—Permit me— Your Ugadi certainly has his good points—He is from a good breed, has a good stride, strong haunches, and so forth. But the dog, if you really want to know it, has two faults; he is old and he has a short lower jaw.

LOMOV. Pardon me, I have palpitation of the heart—let us keep to facts—just remember in Maruskins's meadows, my Ugadi kept ear to ear with the Count's Rasvachai and your dog.

TCHUB. He was behind because the Count struck him with his whip.

LOMOV. He was right. All the other dogs were on the fox's scent, but Otkatai found it necessary to bite a sheep.

TCHUB. That isn't so!—old fellow—I am sensitive

about that and beg you therefore to stop this argument. He struck him because everybody looks on a strange dog of good blood with envy. Even you, sir, aren't free from the sin. No sooner do you find a dog better than Ugadi than you begin to—this, that his, mine—and so forth!— I remember distinctly.

LOMOV. I remember something, too!

TCHUB. (*imitating him*) I remember something too! What do you remember?

LOMOV. Palpitation!— My leg is lame—I can't—

NATALIA. Palpitation! What kind of hunter are you? You ought to stay in the kitchen by the stove and wrestle with the potato peelings, and not go fox-hunting! Palpitation—!

TCHUB. And what kind of hunter are you? A man with your diseases ought to stay at home and not jolt around in the saddle. If you were a hunter—! But you only ride around in order to find out about other people's dogs, and make trouble for everyone. I am sensitive! Let's drop the subject. Besides, you're no hunter.

LOMOV. And are you a hunter? You only ride around to flatter the Count! My heart— You intriguer! Swindler!

TCHUB. And what of it? (*shouting*) Be still!

LOMOV. Intriguer!

TCHUB. Baby! Puppy! Walking drug store!

LOMOV. Old rat! Jesuit! Oh, I know you!

TCHUB. Be still! Or I'll shoot you down—with my worst gun, like a partridge! Fool! Loafer!

LOMOV. Everyone knows that—oh, my heart!—that your poor late wife beat you. My leg—my temples—Heavens—I'm dying—I—!

TCHUB. And your housekeeper wears the trousers in your house.

LOMOV. Here—here—there—there—my heart has burst— My shoulder is torn apart. Where is my

shoulder?—I'm dying! (*he falls into a chair*) The doctor! (*faints*)

TCHUB. Baby! Half-baked clam! Fool! I'm ill. (*he drinks*) I'm sick!

NATALIA. Nice sort of hunter you are! You can't even sit on a horse. (*to TCHUB*) Papa, what's the matter with him? (*she screams*) Ivan Vassiliyitch! He is dead!

LOMOV. I'm ill! I can't breath! Air!

NATALIA. He is dead! (*she shakes LOMOV in the chair*) Ivan Vassiliyitch! What have we done! He is dead! (*she sinks into a chair*) The doctor—doctor! (*she goes into hysterics*)

TCHUB. Ahh! What is it? What's the matter with you?

NATALIA. (*groaning*) He's dead!— Dead!

TCHUB. Who is dead? Who has died? (*looking at LOMOV*) Yes, he is dead! Good God! Water! The doctor! (*holding the glass to LOMOV's lips*) Drink! No, he won't drink! So he's dead! What a terrible situation! Why didn't I shoot myself? Why have I never cut my throat? What am I waiting for now? Only give me a knife! Give me a pistol! (*LOMOV moves*) He's coming to! Drink some water—there!

LOMOV. Sparks!— Mists— Where am I?

TCHUB. Get married! Quick, and then go to the devil! She's willing! (*he joins the hands of LOMOV and NATALIA*) She's agreed! Only leave me in peace!

LOMOV. Wh—what? (*getting up*) Whom?

TCHUB. She's willing! Well? Kiss each other and—the devil take you both!

NATALIA. (*groans*) He lives! Yes, yes. I'm willing!

TCHUB. Kiss each other!

LOMOV. Eh? Whom? (*NATALIA and he kiss*) Very nice— Pardon me, but what is this for? Oh, yes, I understand! My heart—sparks—I am happy,

Natalia Stepanovna. (*he kisses her hand*) My leg is lame!

NATALIA. I'm happy, too!

TCHUB. Ahh! A load off my shoulders! Ahhhh!

NATALIA. And now at least you'll admit that Ugadi is worse than Otkatai!

LOMOV. Better!

NATALIA. Worse!

TCHUB. Now the domestic joys have begun.—  
Champagne!

LOMOV. Better!

NATALIA. Worse, worse, worse!

TCHUB. (*trying to drown them out*) Champagne, champagne!

CURTAIN.

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VOL. I.	VOL. XI.	VOL. XXI.	VOL. XXXA.
1 Lady of Lyons	81 Julius Cæsar	161 All's Fair in Love	241 Merry Wives of Windsor
2 The Wicked	82 Vicar of Wakefield	162 Hofer	242 Mary's Birthday
3 The Wife	83 Leap Year	163 Self	243 Shandy Maguire
4 The Honey-moon	84 The Catspaw	164 Cinderella	244 Wild Oats
5 The School for Scandal	85 The Passing Cloud	165 Phantom	245 Michael Erle
	86 Drunkard	166 Franklin [Moscow]	246 Idiot Witness
	87 Rob Roy	167 The Gunmaker of	247 Willow Cope
	88 George Barnwell	168 The Love of a Prince	248 People's Lawyer
VOL. II.	VOL. XII.	VOL. XXII.	VOL. XXXII.
1 The Stranger	89 Ingomar	169 Son of the Night	249 The Boy Martyrs
2 Grandfather Whitehead	90 Sketches in India	170 Rory O'More	250 Lucretia Borgia
3 Richard III	91 Two Friends	171 Golden Eagle	251 Surgeon of Paris
4 Love's Sacrifice	92 Jane Shore	172 Rienzi	252 Patrician's Daughter
5 The Gamester	93 Corsican Brothers	173 Broken Sword	253 Shoemaker of Toulouse
6 The Cure for the Heartache	94 Mind your own Business	174 Rip Van Winkle	254 Momentous Question
7 The Hunchback	95 Writing on the Wall	175 Isabelle	255 Love and Loyalty
8 Cæsar de Bazar	96 Heir at Law	176 Heart of Mid Lothian	256 Robber's Wife
VOL. III.	VOL. XIII.	VOL. XXIII.	VOL. XXXIII.
1 The Poor Gentleman	97 Soldier's Daughter	177 Actress of Padua	257 Dumb Girl of Genoa
2 The Lamlet	98 Douglas	178 Floating Beacon	258 Wreck Ashore
3 Charles II	99 Marco Spada	179 Bride of Lammermoor	259 Clari
4 Venice Preserved	100 Nature's Nobleman	180 Cataract of the Ganges	260 Rural Felicity
5 The Starro	101 Sardanapalus	181 Robber of the Rhine	261 Wallace
6 The Love Chase	102 Civilization	182 School of Reform	262 Madeline
7 The Rivals	103 The Robbers	183 Wandering Boys	263 The Fireman
8 And me Five Shillings	104 Katharine and Petruchio	184 Mazeppa	264 Grist to the Mill
VOL. IV.	VOL. XIV.	VOL. XXIV.	VOL. XXXIV.
1 The Magnificus	105 Game of Love	185 Young New York	265 Two Loves and a Life
2 King of the Commons	106 Midsummer Night's	186 The Victims	266 Annie Blake
3 London Assurance	107 Ernestine [Dream]	187 Romance after Marriage	267 Steward
4 The Rent Day	108 Rag Picker of Paris	188 Brigand	268 Captain Kyd
5 Two Gentlemen of Verona	109 Flying Dutchman	189 Poor of New York	269 Nick of the Woods
6 The Jealous Wife	110 Hypocrite	190 Ambrose Gwinett	270 Marble Heart
7 The Rivals	111 Therese	191 Raymond and Agnes	271 Second Love
8 Perfection	112 La Tour de Nesle	192 Gambler's Fate	272 Dream at Sea
VOL. V.	VOL. XV.	VOL. XXV.	VOL. XXXV.
1 A New Way to Pay Old	113 Ireland As It Is	193 Father and Son	273 Breach of Promise
2 Look Before You Leap	114 Sea of Ice	194 Massaniello	274 Review
3 King John	115 Seven Clerks	195 Sixteen String Jack	275 Lady of the Lake
4 Nervous Man	116 Game of Life	196 Youthful Queen	276 Still Water Runs Deep
5 Damon and Pythias	117 Forty Thieves	197 Skeleton Witness	277 The Scholar
6 Clandestine Marriage	118 Bryan Boroihme	198 Innkeeper of Abbeville	278 Helping Hands
7 William Tell	119 Romance and Reality	199 Miller and his Men	279 Faust and Marguerite
8 Day after the Wedding	120 Ugolino	200 Aladdin	280 Last Man
VOL. VI.	VOL. XVI.	VOL. XXVI.	VOL. XXXVI.
1 Speed the Plough	121 The Tempest	201 Adrienne the Actress	281 Belle's Stratagem
2 Romeo and Juliet	122 The Pilot	202 Undine	282 Old and Young
3 Feudal Times	123 Carpenter of Rouen	203 Jesse Brown	283 Raffaella
4 Charles the Twelfth	124 King's Rival	204 Asmodeus	284 Ruth Oakley
5 The Bride	125 Little Treasure	205 Mormons	285 British Slave
6 The Follies of a Night	126 Dombey and Son	206 Blanche of Brandywine	286 A Life's Ransom
7 Iron Chest [Fair Lady]	127 Parents and Guardians	207 Viola	287 Giralda
8 Faint Heart Never Won	128 Jewess	208 Deserter Deserted	288 Time Tries All
VOL. VII.	VOL. XVII.	VOL. XXVII.	VOL. XXXVII.
1 Road to Ruin	129 Camille	209 Americans in Paris	289 Ella Rosenberg
2 Macbeth	130 Married Life	210 Victorine	290 Warlock of the Glen
3 Temper	131 Wenlock of Wenlock	211 Wizard of the Wave	291 Zelina
4 Evadne	132 Rose of Ettrickvale	212 Castle Spectre	292 Beatrice
5 Bertram	133 David Copperfield	213 Horse-shoe Robinson	293 Neighbor Jackwood
6 The Duenna	134 Aline, or the Rose of	214 Armand, Mrs. Mowatt	294 Wonder
7 Much Ado About Nothing	135 Pauline [Killarney]	215 Fashion, Mrs. Mowatt	295 Robert Emmet
8 The Critic	136 Jane Eyre	216 Glance at New York	296 Green Bushes
VOL. VIII.	VOL. XVIII.	VOL. XXVIII.	VOL. XXXVIII.
1 The State of the Night	137 Night and Morning	217 Inconstant	297 Flowers of the Forest
2 The Merchant of Venice	138 Æthiop	218 Uncle Tom's Cabin	298 A Bachelor of Arts
3 Old Heads & Young Hearts	139 Three Guardsmen	219 Guide to the Stage	299 The Midnight Banquet
4 Mountaineers [riage]	140 Tom Cringle	220 Veteran	300 Husband of an Hour
5 Three Weeks after Mar-	141 Henriette, the Forsaken	221 Miller of New Jersey	301 Love's Labor Lost
6 Love	142 Eustache Baudin	222 Dark Hour before Dawn	302 Naïad Queen
7 As You Like It	143 Ernest Maltravers	223 Midsum'r Night's Dream	303 Caprice
8 The Elder Brother	144 Bold Dragoons	[Laura Keane's Edition]	304 Cradle of Liberty
9 Werner	VOL. XIX.	VOL. XXIX.	VOL. XXXIX.
10 Giisippus	145 Dred, or the Dismal [Swamp]	225 Poor Young Man	305 The Lost Ship
11 Town and Country	146 Last Days of Pompeii	226 Ossawatimie Brown	306 Country Squire
12 King Lear	147 Emeralds	227 Pope of Rome	307 Fraud and its Victims
13 Blue Devils	148 Peter Wilkins	228 Oliver Twist	308 Putnam
VOL. X.	149 Ben Bolt	229 Pauvrete	309 King and Deserter
1 Henry VIII	150 Jonathan Bradford	230 Man in the Iron Mask	310 La Flammina
2 Married and Single	151 Retribution	231 Knight of Arva	311 A Hard Struggle
3 The Prince of IV	152 Minerali	232 Moll Pitcher	312 Gwinnette Vaughan
4 The Prince of IV	VOL. XX.	VOL. XXX.	VOL. XL.
5 The Prince of IV	153 French Spy	233 Black Eyed Susan	313 The Love Knot [Jugg]
6 The Prince of IV	154 Wept of Wish-ton Wish	234 Satan in Paris	314 Lavater, or Not a Bad
7 The Prince of IV	155 Evil Genius	235 Rosina Meadows [Jess]	315 The Noble Heart
8 The Prince of IV	156 Ben Bolt	236 West End, or Irish Heir-	316 Coriolanus
9 The Prince of IV	157 Sailor of France	237 Six Degrees of Crime	317 The Winter's Tale
10 The Prince of IV	158 Red Mask	238 The Lady and the Devil	318 Eveleen Wilson
11 The Prince of IV	159 Life of an Actress	239 Avenger, or Moor of Sicily	319 Ivanhoe
12 The Prince of IV	160 Wedding Day	240 Masks and Faces	320 Jonathan in England

(French's Standard Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.)



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No. 23

*Young - - - ✓ -*  
*Mrs. Winthrop*

A Play in Four Acts

BY

BRONSON HOWARD

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